

HUNTING PORPOISES.

Lively Times Down at Old Provincetown When a Big School Is Sighted.

One of the most curious industries of the United States will be carried on for the next few weeks at Provincetown, Mass. The town is situated on a shallow, retreating harbor far out on the inner side of Cape

In reference to this inland sea that the people of Provincetown are able to carry on their profitable fall industry of porpoise schooling.

The fish in the ocean, like the birds in the air, are influenced in their lives and migrations by the changes of the seasons, and, like the birds, they travel in large schools north in the spring and south in the fall. As the hawk follows the birds, so the porpoise follows the smaller fishes, for the vast schools of herring and mackerel furnish the principal part of its food.

As the schools of smaller fish come down the coast they keep a certain distance from shore and in a general way continue southward, missing the smaller bays and promontories. Cape Cod, however, pokes its barren nose far out into the ocean and all the fishes meet together in the bay in one large school until they have gone north again and around the extreme cape point. Here it is that porpoises abound, and here the fishermen who covet their hides and blubber make their largest catches.

At Provincetown the harbor is long, nar-

waves, are soon seen by the lookout on shore.

If the school is a big one an alarm is immediately given and the little town, before so quiet and dead, is immediately the scene of life and action. Men, women and children seem to rise from the ground and the shores and docks are filled with people. Every boat in the harbor that can be used is manned with stalwart rowers, and a few minutes after the school is sighted a line of boats side by side and only a few yards apart cuts off the school from their passage to the sea.

Then the excitement begins. The object of the drive is to get the school into the shoals of the sand flats and to hold them there until the tide has left them high and dry. When the circle is shortened so that the boats are side by side and the large, black bodies of the fish are crowded together in the small interior space, they often interfere with each other, and the great danger is that something on the shore will frighten them and that the entire school, starting seaward in one

spiked boathook, and whenever a porpoise rises within his reach he jabs him with the point and tries to push him backward toward the shore. The stronger, heavier fishermen, armed with the murderous fish knife, or any long spear or harpoon which is handy, jump over the sides of the boats which lie in the shallower places and begin the work of slaughter.

Those who are using the harpoon and rope experience the greatest danger. If a man has thrown his harpoon into a fish which is too strong for him, the big fellow will jump out of the water, and the man will be snapp'd off his feet in a second into the sea, but still clinging to the rope. As the fish drags him hither and thither through the water, many run down to the shore to his aid. Helping hands are soon laid on the rope, and in a few moments the struggling fish is drawn high and dry upon the shore.

One by one the number of the porpoises grows less, while the steadily falling tide makes the position of the hunters stronger. When the tide has fallen the shore is covered with the ungainly forms of the victims, while some of the victors are sitting around in groups talking over their experiences and resting.

Before the tide rises every fish must be pulled up beyond its reach. Besides this, the hides must be removed and cured, the oil tried out of the blubber. For this purpose kettles are brought down from the shops, fires are started along the shore and all that night the town is wide awake and the harbor is lighted with the blaze of the camp fires.

In the mercantile world the hides are used for shoes and shoe strings, while the oil commands the highest price as a lubricating oil. The flesh is not used, though formerly the native Indians considered it a delicacy.

HERE'S A COOL HOUSE.

A German Inventor Conceives a Scheme That Will Keep You Comfortable in Summer.

The house of the water tubes is the remarkable building freak of a German inventor, who claims that he has solved the problem of a constant temperature that may be regulated at will, and incidentally secured a structure that combines the elements of strength, comfort and beauty.

He first put up a skeleton of his house, the frame for walls and floors being of water tubing, connected with a pump and boiler system in the basement. Around this skeleton he put up his house in the ordinary way. The tubes were within the walls and between the floors and ceilings. In the summer time, this tubing is connected with the regular water supply, and a steady stream flows through the pipes in the walls and under the floors, circulating under pressure, absorbing the heat of the walls and floors as it flows. During the long and severe winter the tubing is connected with the boiler, and water is heated to 100 degrees forced through the circuit of pipes. The water at the outlet is found to have decreased to 40 degrees, the remaining 60 degrees having been distributed throughout the house. The speed of the circulation of water can be regulated so as to allow the fixing and maintenance of a certain temperature throughout the building.

ASECRETHUNT BYSCIENTISTS.

New Yorkers Are Exploring Hitherto Unvisited Cliff Dwellers' Villages.

An expedition, equipped by F. B. Hyde, a rich young New Yorker, is now engaged in secretly investigating the former homes of the cliff dwellers in New Mexico.

The party is under the direction of George H. Pepper and the ancient ruins they are exploring have never before been investigated by the disciples of modern civilization.

No one except Mr. Hyde and the members of the expedition knows the location of the party, but it is believed their task will be completed next month. Then the expedition will return to New York and the result of their labors be made known.

Few expeditions in recent years have excited such wide scientific interest, and it is

of a very encouraging nature and promise interesting revelations concerning the strange folk who once dwelt where they are now delving.

The cliff dwellers built their queer residences in so firm a manner as to survive the onslaught of the elements for ages. The stones explorers find are as well shaped as they were when originally placed and the mortar is as hard as ever. This is largely because overhanging cliffs protect the ruins and their elevation shield them from vandals.

They were fairly safe from invasion, these old cliff dwellers. They could reach their households only by means of ladders, and if they wished to shut out any undesirable intruder it was easy to pull those same ladders up after them. Their aerial homes are strange remains, resembling castles in a way, and no scientist doubts that they felt tolerably secure in those eyries.

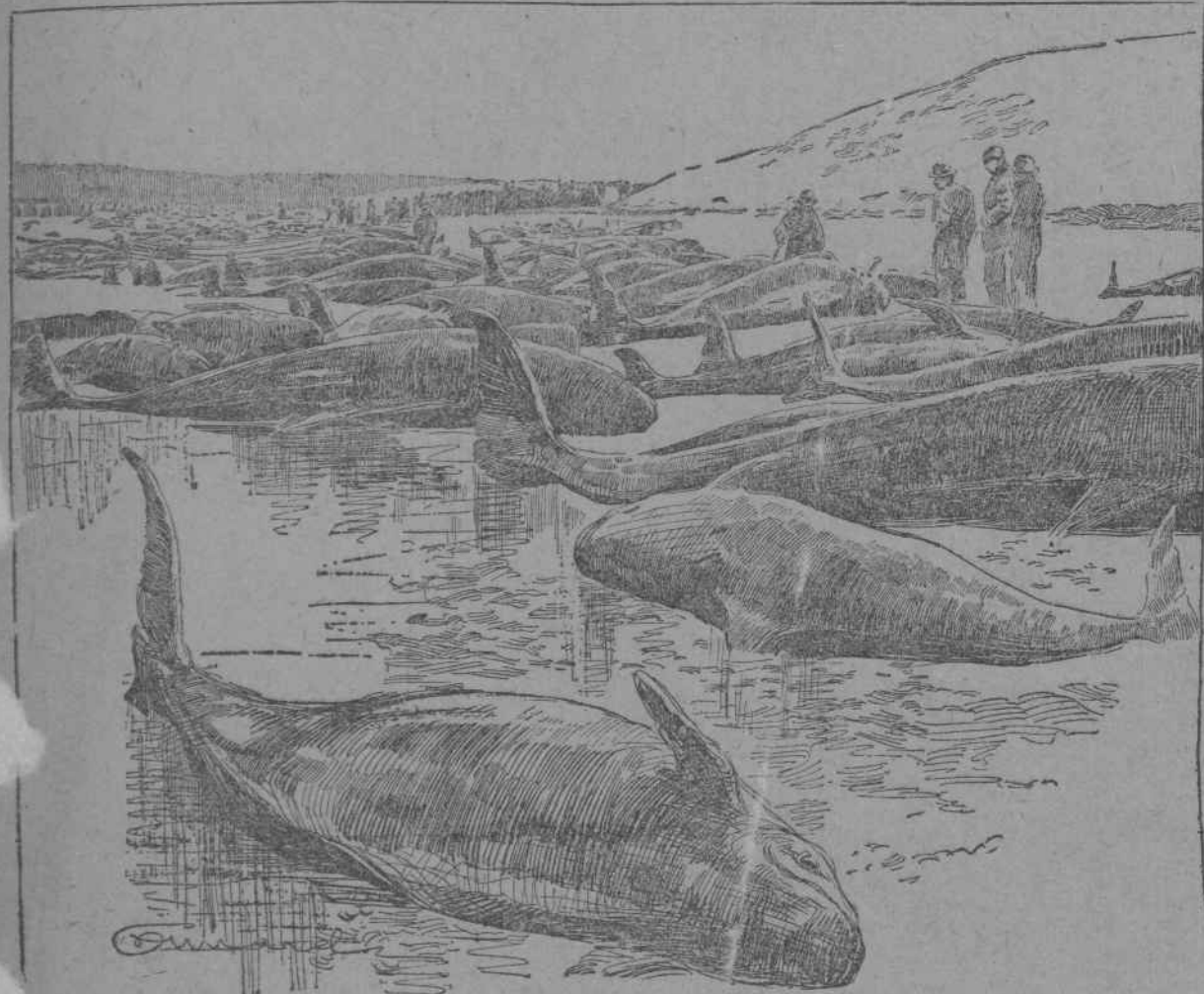
They flourished, as everybody knows, centuries ago, when North America was a wilderness. They were dark-skinned and their hair was long and black. So far as the archaeologists can ascertain, their skulls were flattened by a board pressed on them in infancy. This is a custom still prevailing among some of the Indian races. They dressed simply and inexpensively. A breech cloth was the favorite attire, but some of the more pretentious affected hide jackets, fur caps and sandals. Others of a different turn of mind strutted about in blankets made of feathers attached to a rough cord belt.

The cliff dwellers lived mainly on corn, beans and squash, which were raised on the outer slopes, the implements used in their farming being merely heavy sticks. Traces of reservoirs and irrigating ditches have been discovered, showing that the inhabitants of the cliffs suffered from the scarcity of water and took great pains to save such as they could get. Sometimes they dammed the water and prudent housewives appear to have carefully treasured their supplies in large jars. Water was obtained from nearby springs—some of which still flow—from showers and from melting snows.

A PRACTICAL PASTOR.

How He Seized Upon a Superstitious Belief to Pay Off the Debt of His Church.

The rector of Weley, in Essex, Eng., is a most practical man. There was recently discovered in his church what to all appearances was a genuine miracle. The windows of the church had been painted, and, without any effort on the part of the decorator, it was noticed after his work was done that the shape of a head of Christ was distinctly visible. It soon became noised about, and the devoutly pious of the people of the neighborhood believed it to be a divine manifestation of favor. Like all country churches, the little Essex edifice was burdened with a debt, and the



From a photograph taken for the Sunday Journal.

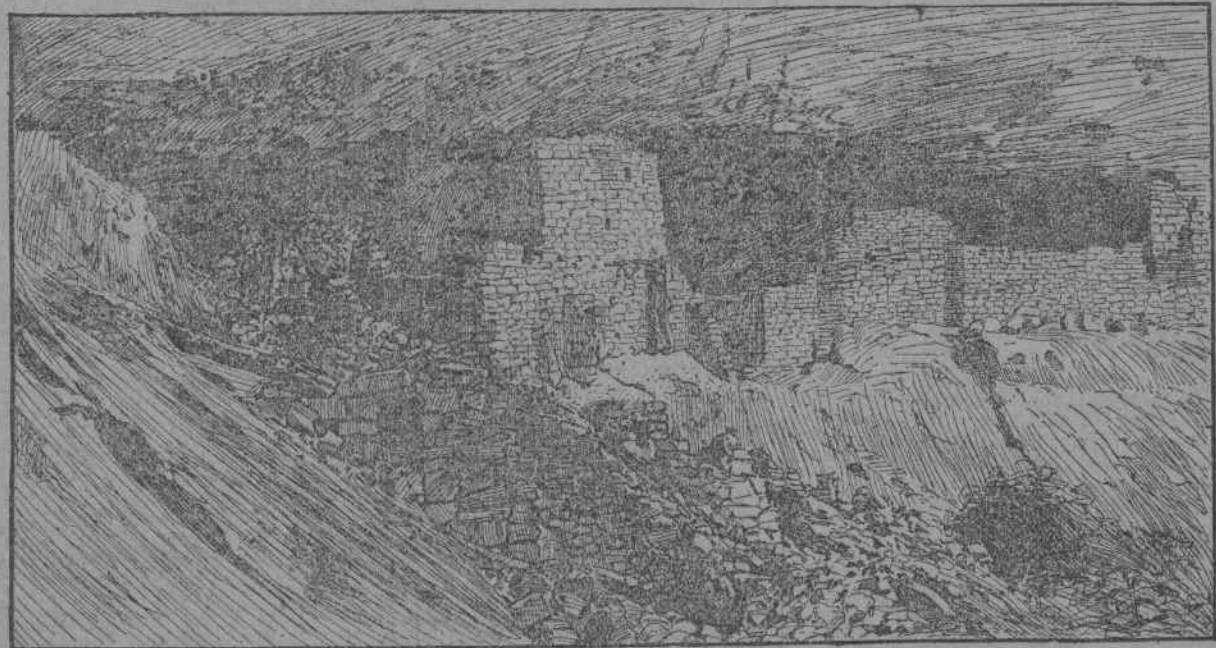
Day's Gatch of Porpoise Hunters at Provincetown, Mass.

God, and could one see far enough by looking directly east he would sight on the mainland the rocky shores of Gurnet Point, the guard of Plymouth Bay. East and south lies the great circle of Cape Cod Bay, and it is on account of its

row and not very deep, so the hunted fish often run into it for shelter, and the venturesome porpoise follows them. Their sharp triangular fins cutting the water and their dark bodies, shining above the surface as they rise or dive beneath the

sweep, the rear ones will press on the frightened forward ones, and, rising under the boats, will tip some of them over and break the line.

To guard against this a man is placed in the bow of each boat, armed with a



From a photograph taken for the Sunday Journal.

Ruins of an Ancient Cliff Dweller's Settlement Being Explored.

generally believed the explorers will have gained by the time they cease their efforts much and invaluable knowledge. They have lacked no aid which money could render, and if they fail it is absolutely certain no one else could succeed. Mr. Hyde is very sanguine, however, and declares failure is out of the question.

Latest reports from the archaeologists are

That the women, if not the men, loved adornment is proven by the finding of amulets of turquoise, considered a sacred stone, and bits of shell and pottery in which holes were made so that they might be worn strung about the neck. Their brushes were not startlingly attractive, for they smoothed their hair with tightly tied bunches of stiff grass.

rector evolved a plan to help diminish it. Therefore, when any curious folk appeared at the rectory and asked to be allowed entrance to the church that they might view the miracle, this practical pastor promptly charged them an admission fee of a shilling. The rector says he looks upon the picture as a gift from God to help liquidate the indebtedness of the parish.



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KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

I'm the latest, greatest member of the Journal's familie,
I'm the very sweetest thing on earth, I vow;
I'm a glowing sea of color, ev'ry single page of me,
As the Comic Supplement, I make my bow.

I'm a kicking, bouncing baby, with a noble pedigree,
Though I know I'd manage just as well without;
I'm a gorgeous new addition, and I cost no extra fee,
Though I know I'm bound to make you laugh and shout.

I've got a box of humor, and I'm going to lift the lid,
On a host of merry jesting acrobats;
There's Chimmie Fadden's author and the famous Yellow Kid,
In a series called McFadden's Row of Flats.

Archie Gunn depicts the siren and Munkittrick writes the verse,
Oh! I tell you they're a jolly pair these two;
For the blues are not discovered that these fellows can't disperse
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And a very brilliant baby, too, you'll vow;
Don't forget that my eight pages are in vari-colored hues,—
Now the Comic Supplement has made its bow.



Archie Gunn.



Look out for

"The Yellow Kid"

in "McFadden's Row of Flats," by the author of "Chimmie Fadden" and the originator of "Hogan's Alley."

Remember not 4 pages of color and 4 pages printed in plain black like others, but 8 pages ALL IN COLORS that shame the rainbow.



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8 Pages
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